

# EXHIBIT 1

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CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT  
WASHINGTON COUNTY

2004 JUN 23 PM 2: 58

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

Verified Correct Copy of Original 2/4/2020

STATE OF OREGON,

Plaintiff,

No. **C041762CR**

INDICTMENT - Secret

vs.

DICK WALTER TICHGELAAR,

Defendant(s).

The above named defendant(s) is/are accused by the Grand Jury of Washington County by this indictment of the crime(s) of

- Count 1: SODOMY IN THE SECOND DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.395)
- Count 2: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 3: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 4: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 5: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 6: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 7: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 8: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 9: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 10: SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE FIRST DEGREE--(FSG=8; B Felony; ORS 163.427) FPC#:
- Count 11: RAPE IN THE THIRD DEGREE (FSG=6; C Felony; ORS 163.355) FPC#:
- Count 12: SODOMY IN THE THIRD DEGREE (FSG=6; C Felony; ORS 163.385) FPC#:
- Count 13: RAPE IN THE THIRD DEGREE (FSG=6; C Felony; ORS 163.355) FPC#:
- Count 14: SODOMY IN THE THIRD DEGREE (FSG=6; C Felony; ORS 163.385) FPC#:

committed as follows:

COUNT 1

The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly engage in deviate sexual intercourse with [REDACTED] being a child under 14 years of age.

COUNT 2

The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by touching her genitalia, a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 3

As part of the same act and transaction alleged in Count 1: The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by touching her breast(s), a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 4

As part of the same act and transaction alleged in Counts 1-2: The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by causing her to touch his penis, a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 5

That as a separate act and transaction from that alleged in Counts 1-3: The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by touching her genitalia, a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 6

As part of the same act and transaction alleged in Count 4 and as part of a separate act and transaction as alleged in Counts 1-3: The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by touching her breast(s), a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 7

As part of the same act and transaction alleged in Counts 4-5 and as part of a separate act and transaction as alleged in Counts 1-3: The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by causing her to touch his penis, a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 8

That as a separate act and transaction from that alleged in Counts 1-6: The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by touching her genitalia, a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 9

As part of the same act and transaction alleged in Count 7 and as part of the separate act and transaction as alleged in Counts 1-6: The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by touching her breast(s), a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 10

As part of the same act and transaction alleged in Count 7-8 and as part of the separate act and transaction as alleged in Counts 1-6: The defendant, on or between January 1, 1998 to May 23, 1999, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly subject [REDACTED] a person less than 14 years of age, to sexual contact by causing her to touch his penis, a sexual and intimate part of the said child.

COUNT 11

That as a separate act and transaction from that alleged in Counts 1-9: The defendant, on or between May 24, 1999 to May 23, 2001, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly engage in sexual intercourse with [REDACTED] a person under 16 years of age.

## COUNT 12

As part of the same act and transaction alleged in Count 10 and as part of the separate act and transaction as alleged in Counts 1-9: The defendant, on or between May 24, 1999 to May 24, 2001, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly have deviate sexual intercourse with [REDACTED] a person under 16 years of age.

## COUNT 13

That as a separate act and transaction from that alleged in Counts 1-11: The defendant, on or between May 24, 1999 to May 23, 2001, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly engage in sexual intercourse with [REDACTED], a person under 16 years of age.

## COUNT 14

As part of the same act and transaction alleged in Count 12 and as part of the separate act and transaction as alleged in Counts 1-11: The defendant, on or between May 24, 1999 to May 23, 2001, in Washington County, Oregon, did unlawfully and knowingly have deviate sexual intercourse with [REDACTED], a person under 16 years of age.

contrary to the statutes and against the peace and dignity of the State of Oregon.

It is hereby affirmatively declared for the record, upon appearance of the defendant for arraignment, and before the Court asks how the defendant pleads to the charges, that the State intends that any misdemeanor offenses charged herein each proceed as a misdemeanor.

Dated: 6-9-04

Witnesses subpoenaed, examined and appeared in person unless otherwise indicated before the Grand Jury for the State of Oregon:

[REDACTED]  
Rich Matrisciano

A TRUE BILL

[Signature]  
Foreperson of the Grand Jury

BOB HERMANN, District Attorney

[Signature]  
Deputy District Attorney  
Oregon State Bar # 97004

DA # 03-11081

HBP 02-4710

DOB 07/29/1975

☒ Security Amount - \$770,000.00  
☐ Recognizance/Conditional Release



**IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON  
FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHINGTON**

WASHINGTON COUNTY  
2004 NOV 17 AM 9:39

THE STATE OF OREGON,

Plaintiff,

Court No. C041762CR

vs.

D.A. No. \_\_\_\_\_

Dirk Tichelaar  
Defendant.

PETITION TO ENTER PLEA  
AND ORDER ENTERING PLEA

The defendant represents to the Court:

1. My full true name is: Dirk Walter Tichelaar
2. I wish to plead GUILTY/NO CONTEST to the charge(s) of: (ct 5) Sex Abuse I  
(ct 8) Sex Abuse I (ct 10) Sex Abuse I
3. I told my lawyer all the facts and circumstances known to me about the charges against me. I believe that my lawyer is fully informed on all such matters. My lawyer has counseled and advised me on the nature of each charge; on any and all lesser included charges; and on all possible defenses that I might have in this case. I have further advised my lawyer of all of my adult and juvenile felony and misdemeanor convictions and/or adjudications. My physical and mental health is presently satisfactory. At this time I am not under the influence of any drugs or intoxicants (nor was I at the time the crime was committed). State any exceptions: \_\_\_\_\_
4. I understand that I may plead Not Guilty to any offense charged against me. If I choose to plead Not Guilty, the Constitution guarantees me (A) the right to a speedy and public trial by jury, (B) the right to see, hear and face in open court all witnesses called to testify against me, (C) the right to use the power and process of the Court to compel the production of any evidence, including the attendance of any witnesses in my favor, (D) the right to have the assistance of a lawyer at all stages of the proceedings, (E) also the right to take the witness stand at my sole option, and the District Attorney cannot force me to testify against myself, (F) if I do not take the witness stand, I understand the jury will be told that this may not be held against me, or will be told nothing, at my option. By pleading Guilty/No Contest, I am waiving all of these rights.
5. I also understand that if I plead GUILTY/NO CONTEST, the Court may impose the same punishment as if I had plead Not Guilty, stood trial and been convicted. I know further that the sentence is up to the Court only; and, in the event the District Attorney makes any recommendation, the Court is not bound to accept or follow it.
6. If represented by an attorney, I believe that my lawyer has done all that anyone could do to counsel and assist me. I AM SATISFIED WITH THE ADVICE AND HELP MY LAWYER HAS GIVEN ME. I recognize that if I have been told by my lawyer that I might receive probation or a light sentence, this is merely my lawyer's prediction and is not binding on the Court.
7. (FELONIES ONLY) I know that the Crime Seriousness Rating for this (these) crime(s) is (are) 8. I believe my Criminal History Scale is B, A. I know also that under Sentencing Guidelines my presumptive sentence is 35-40 months <sup>41-45 months</sup> prison. I know, however, that the Court could depart from that presumptive sentence and impose a greater or lesser sentence.
8. I know that if I plead GUILTY/NO CONTEST the charge(s), the maximum possible sentence is 10 years imprisonment, and/or a fine of \$ 250,000. If applicable, there is a minimum sentence of 75 months.

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9. N/A (initial if applicable) I also know that the law provides for a minimum sentence of N/A years for the use or threatened use of a firearm. I understand this may happen in this case.
10. I have been convicted/adjudicated of one or more misdemeanors, felonies and/or Juvenile offenses in the past as follows: Assault I, Robbery I
11. If I am presently on probation or post-prison supervision. I understand that by pleading **GUILTY/NO CONTEST** in this case this may cause revocation of my probation or parole, and this could result in a sentence of N/A months/years in that case. I further understand that if my probation or parole is revoked, any sentence in that case may be consecutive to or in addition to any sentence in this case.
12. I understand that, if applicable, the law provides for an increase in the maximum sentence described in paragraph 8 to a maximum of 30 years if I qualify as a dangerous offender.
13. I declare that no officer or agent of any branch of government (federal, state or local) has made any promises or suggestions of any kind to me, or within my knowledge to anyone else, that I will receive a lighter sentence, or probation, or any other form of leniency if I plead **GUILTY/NO CONTEST**, except:  
dismiss remaining counts, stipulated 50 consecutive months to current sentence, Mult. Co. not to file charges
14. I plead **GUILTY/NO CONTEST** and request the Court to accept my plea and to have it entered on the basis of: the truth of the allegations plead to
15. I understand that if I am not a citizen of the United States, conviction of a crime may result, under the laws of the United States, in my deportation, exclusion from admission to the United States or denial of naturalization.
16. I OFFER MY PLEA OF **GUILTY/NO CONTEST** FREELY AND VOLUNTARILY AND OF MY OWN ACCORD AND WITH FULL UNDERSTANDING OF ALL THE MATTERS SET FORTH IN THE ACCUSATORY INSTRUMENT AND IN THIS PETITION, THE CERTIFICATE OF MY LAWYER AND IN THE ADVICE OR RIGHTS OF APPEAL WHICH ARE ATTACHED TO THIS PETITION.

Signed by me (in the presence of my attorney) this 9<sup>th</sup> day of November 2004.

Dirk Streyer

Defendant

My usual residence is N/A

Date of Birth: 07/29/75

Phone Number: N/A

Interpreter \_\_\_\_\_

Language \_\_\_\_\_

### ORDER

IT IS ORDERED that the defendant's plea of **GUILTY/NO CONTEST** be accepted and entered as prayed for in the petition and as recommended in the certificate of counsel.

Done in open court this 9 day of November 2004

Marco Hernandez

Circuit Judge

MARCO A. HERNÁNDEZ

Printed/Stamped Name of Judge



**CERTIFICATE OF COUNSEL**

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 The undersigned, as lawyer for Dick Ticheddaar, hereby certifies:

I have read or had interpreted and fully explained to the defendant the allegations contained in the accusatory instrument in this case.

To the best of my knowledge and belief the statements, representations, and declarations made by the defendant in the foregoing petition are in all respects accurate and true.

I have explained the maximum penalty for each count to the defendant, and consider him/her competent to understand the charges against him/her and the effect of his/her petition to enter a plea of **GUILTY/NO CONTEST**.

The plea of **GUILTY/NO CONTEST** offered by the defendant in the petition accords with my understanding of the facts he/she related to me and is consistent with my advice to the defendant.

In my opinion the plea of **GUILTY/NO CONTEST** offered by the defendant the petition is voluntarily and understandingly made. I recommend that the Court accept the plea of **GUILTY/NO CONTEST**.

6. Having discussed this matter carefully with the defendant, I am satisfied and hereby certify, in my opinion, that he/she is mentally and physically competent; there is no mental or physical condition which would affect his/her understanding of these proceedings; further, I state that I have no reason to believe that he/she is presently operating under the influence of drugs or intoxicants. (Any exceptions to this should be stated by counsel on the record.)

Signed by me in the presence of the above-named defendant and after full discussion of the contents of this certificate with the defendant, this 9 day of November 2004

Attorney for the Defendant [Signature]

Printed Name of Attorney Eric Butterfield

**NOTICE AND ADVICE OF RIGHT OF APPEAL**

You may appeal to the Oregon Court of Appeals from your conviction and sentence. Such an appeal **must** be in writing and **must** be filed within **30 days** from the date you are sentenced.

If you have **pleaded Guilty/No Contest**, *the only question which the Court of Appeals may consider is whether the sentence is excessive, cruel or unusual for the crime to which you plead.*

If you are unable to afford an attorney upon appeal, you may have one appointed for you by the following procedure: Complete an Affidavit of Indigency verifying that you are without funds to employ counsel for the appeal and request the Trial Court to appoint an attorney to represent you on the appeal.

The following procedure **must** be followed for you to file your appeal:

1. A signed original of your Notice of Appeal, with proof of service, must be filed with the Clerk of the Court of Appeals, Salem, Oregon, within 30 days of the date you were sentenced.
2. A copy of your Notice of Appeal must be filed with the District Attorney of this County
3. A copy of your Notice of Appeal must be filed with the Clerk of the Court.
4. A copy of your Notice of Appeal must be served on the Court Reporter if the matter was not electronically recorded
5. A copy of the electronic tape may be provided to you at a minimal cost if it was used in your case

During your appeal, you may be admitted to bail, however, this is discretionary with the trial Court and may be with any conditions which the trial Court may decide to impose.

FILED  
 OREGON JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT  
 WASHINGTON COUNTY  
 11/10/05  
 2005 JAN 10 AM 9:43

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON  
 FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHINGTON

STATE OF OREGON,

Plaintiff;

Case No. C041762CR (DA 03-11081)

vs.

**JUDGMENT OF CONVICTION  
 AND SENTENCE**

DIRK WALTER TICHGELAAR,

Defendant.

This matter came before Judge Marco A. Hernandez on November 9, 2004 for sentencing. The State of Oregon appeared by D. Charles Bailey, Deputy District Attorney, and the defendant appeared in person, with court appointed counsel, Eric E. Butterfield, the Court having determined the defendant to be indigent.

It appears to the Court that the defendant has been indicted, arraigned, has entered a not guilty plea, withdrawn that plea, and upon guilty pleas, duly convicted of the crimes of Sexual Abuse in the First Degree (Class B Felony, crime seriousness 8, criminal history B) in count 5 and Sexual Abuse in the First Degree (Class B Felony, crime seriousness 8, criminal history A) in counts 8 and 10.

It further appears to the Court that defendant has waived 48 hours for sentencing, and there appears no good cause why sentence should not now be passed.

As to counts 5, 8, and 10, it is therefore CONSIDERED, ORDERED AND ADJUDGED by the Court that, pursuant to ORS 137.700 (Ballot Measure 11), defendant be committed to the legal and physical custody of the Corrections Department of the State of Oregon for a period of seventy-

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five (75) months. Defendant shall serve the entire seventy-five (75) months imposed by the Court. Defendant is not eligible for release on post-prison supervision, early release, or any form of leave or temporary leave from custody. Defendant is not eligible for any reduction of this sentence for any reason whatsoever under ORS 421.120, ORS 421.121, or any other statute.

The Court further ORDERS that the sentences imposed in counts 5, 8, and 10 shall be served concurrently with each other. Fifty (50) months in each count shall be served consecutively to the Multnomah County sentence defendant is currently serving. The remaining twenty-five (25) months in each count shall be served concurrently with the Multnomah County sentence defendant is currently serving.

It is further ORDERED that the term of post-prison supervision shall be for a period of ten (10) years minus time served in each of counts 5, 8, and 10. Violation of post-prison supervision shall subject defendant to sanctions or additional imprisonment.

Further, the Court recommends the following conditions be made a part of defendant's post-prison supervision:

1. That the defendant have no direct or indirect contact with the victim, Amy Noelle Raschdorf, without the prior written permission of the supervising officer.
2. That the defendant shall not enter onto the premises where the victim resides without the prior written permission of the supervising officer.
3. That the defendant be prohibited from any contact whatsoever with minors without the prior written permission of the supervising officer.
4. That the defendant shall not be at any residence where minor children are residing without the prior written permission of the supervising officer.
5. That the defendant not be at places where minor children are likely to congregate (e.g. playgrounds, schools, arcades) without the prior written permission of the supervising officer.
6. That the defendant undergo a complete sex offender evaluation at the direction of his supervising officer.



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7. That the defendant be involved in any mental health treatment program(s) relating to sexually deviant behavior, and that he remain in said program(s) until successfully completed or given permission to withdraw.
8. That the defendant shall not possess any printed, electronic, photographed or recorded materials or have exposure to live adult entertainment, that he may use for the purpose of his deviant arousal; nor shall the defendant be at any place where such material is available, including the use of a computer or the Internet, without the prior written permission of the supervising officer.
9. That the defendant submit to any program of physiological assessment at the direction of the supervising officer, to include the use of the plethysmograph, to assist in treatment, planning, and case monitoring; any refusal to submit to said testing is a violation.
10. That the defendant submit to polygraph testing, at his own expense, to assist in treatment or to determine compliance with the special conditions of supervision; any refusal to submit to said testing is a violation.
11. That the defendant waive all client/psychotherapist privileges.
12. That the defendant bear financial responsibility, as directed by the supervising officer, for any counseling, therapy, treatment and/or medical costs incurred by the victim as a result of this offense.

Further, it shall be the sentence of the Court that the defendant submit a blood or buccal sample at his own expense, unless he lacks the ability to pay, to the Oregon State Police for the purposes of establishing a DNA profile.

Further, it shall be the sentence of the Court that the defendant, pursuant to ORS 135.139, submit to a HIV test and if the HIV test is negative, the defendant shall be tested six months after the first test was administered. The results of the HIV testing shall be sent to:

Washington Co. Health & Human Svcs  
 Attn: Gloria Matthews  
 155 N First Avenue  
 Hillsboro, OR 97123  
 Ref: Amy Raschdorf, 5/24/85

The cost of HIV testing shall be paid pursuant to ORS 135.139, and the defendant shall pay restitution to the State for the HIV testing and counseling if provided.

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Also, it shall be the sentence of the Court that the defendant be required to register as a sex offender with the proper authorities of the State of Oregon for the rest of his life, and that the defendant be required to update the registration with the Oregon State Police as required by law.

It is further ORDERED that the financial obligations in the Money Award section (which section is hereby made a part of this judgment) be referred to the Oregon Department of Revenue for collection.

It is further ORDERED that Counts 1 through 4, 6, 7, 9, and 11 through 14 of the accusatory instrument be DISMISSED.

### MONEY AWARD

The State of Oregon is the judgment creditor and the defendant, Dirk Walter Tichgelaar, is the judgment debtor.

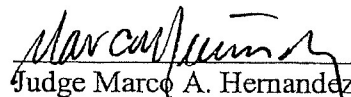
The following shall be paid as part of the Money Award:

1. \$321.00 Unitary Assessment (\$107 in each of counts 5, 8, and 10).
2. \$1,500.00 Unitary Assessment (ORS 163 \$500 in each of counts 5, 8, and 10)).
3. \$800.00 Court Appointed Attorney Fees (in count 5).

**TOTAL MONEY AWARD: \$2,621.00**

All financial obligations specified in the Money Award shall be made payable to the State of Oregon and shall be disbursed through the Clerk of the Court (150 North First Avenue, First Floor, Hillsboro, Oregon 97124) as set forth in ORS 137.295.

Dated this 4 day of December, 2004.

  
Judge Marco A. Hernandez

Court Reporter: digital  
cc: Eric E. Butterfield 12-21-04  
Control #: 38053349  
sev

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# EXHIBIT 2

Your Honor,

I've thought a lot about how to write this letter. In preparation I've looked at letters written by others, asked people for advice, and spoken to my attorney regarding format. Some have been helpful, others less than so. All that said, I've simply decided that what's best for me is just to do what I'm best at, pick up a pencil and just start.

First and foremost, I want to make it absolutely clear that my actions were mine and mine alone. I take full responsibility for them and their consequences fall squarely on my shoulders and mine alone. No one forced me to type the things I did, nor did someone else drive my truck across state lines. Those actions belong to me, regardless of result.

What led to those actions is the hardest part for me to explain, I tend to be a bit long in the tooth as the saying goes and tend to ramble at times, but I'll do my best.

When I was released from custody by the State of Oregon in February of 2016, I really had no clue about what to do. I was given a psych interview on my day of release and recommended to Lifeworks NW for treatment. After starting, I found out I had been diagnosed with reoccurring severe depression disorder, adjustment disorder, anxiety disorder and PTSD. I never thought of these as excuses, more as obstacles to overcome and simply move on from. I was raised to just keep going forward if there was no bone sticking out, and metaphorically speaking there was no bone. I saw Lauren at Lifeworks for about a year before my subsidy ran out and I had to stop. The year I did spend seeing her was both difficult in the extreme as well as beneficial. When I started seeing Lauren, it was either weekly or bi-weekly. I'm not sure which at this point. I was living in a halfway house which was walking distance from her office which allowed me to, for the most part, avoid crowded buses. Crowds of people, both large and small, have always set off my anxiety and set me on edge which in turn makes going out in public a challenge for me. Shopping isn't fun. Lauren helped get me to the point I was comfortable riding public transit and not having to get off at every stop, though which I moved from the halfway house and to another residence that required a much longer bus ride that was put to the test and quite a few times I chose to walk the roughly 80 blocks to see her instead, weather permitting. This trend continued when I was able to find work.

I bought a car as soon as I was able.

My mindset was that I had 20 years to do what the rest of the world had 40 to do. I worked every extra hour I could at the call center. I worked at, taught myself to program using the Unreal engine using YouTube videos, learned to do my own maintenance on my car, and eventually found a second job as well. I only slept about 3 – 4 hours a night, I simply didn't have the time to do it more, I was too far behind, that and I had to prove to everyone that I was worth something. That they hadn't made some huge mistake in

giving me a chance, so everything was 200%. I'd have time for me in 20 years, I had too much making up to do.

During this time, I was also attending offender treatment with a company called I.C.E. located in Portland. My first therapist there, was an all right guy and we got along, and the sessions did help a bit. He gave me a good base to try to find better coping skills, but we never really broke through on much. He retired during the time I was at I.C.E.

Steve was replaced by a woman named Casey Van Houghton. Casey's background was trauma biased therapy and I believe that she has done more for me than anyone alive, I also feel as though I have greatly disappointed her by having come back to prison. Through Casey I started opening up to people and trying to be at least slightly social and less withdrawn, she even gave me the confidence to form a relationship. Casey helped me to see that when I closed out the world, I wasn't, what I was really doing was shutting out a part of myself. She made me realize exactly how low and broken my self-esteem really is and what I need to work on.

No matter how much money I make, how many people tell me I'm doing good, or how proud of me they are it's never enough. It never will be. It never will be because there isn't ever enough to fill the void of depression and self loathing that I can't escape from. Have you ever done something in your life that you can never, no matter what anyone tells you, forgive yourself for? Something that makes you wish you were as dead to the world as you feel you deserve to be or just simply wish you'd never been born so as not to have done. I have. In 2005 while I was incarcerated at EVCI in Oregon my mother's health had taken a turn for the worse. This was coming on the heels of the death of my grandfather, aunt and father in 2004. After much effort I was given a hardship transfer from EOCI to OSP in Salem, Oregon, less than an hour from home rather than 4 or more. At OSP my counselor was a man named Kelly Lawrence and after talking to myself and my family at length assured me that should anything happen with my mother's health I would be given a bedside visit to see her. Because of this reason, and only that reason, she lifted her DNR order.

Because of my current situation of my own making, I have had to discuss this matter beyond the limits of what I ever thought I would. And I never could have imagined the pain it cases me to write it down, please forgive any lack of detail you may perceive in my words.

I was woken up by correctional staff, I think, and told that I was being called to the operations captain's office. This meant one of only two things, wither I was deeply in trouble or something had happened. Since I knew I hadn't done anything I remember just asking who it was. I never thought it was my mother, I had just spoken to her less than a day prior and everything had been fine. They had oxygen being pumped into her in every



way that they could in an attempt to keep her alive while they set up the bedside visit we'd been told would happen no matter what. She couldn't even talk as I tried to tell her I loved her. The next day I was sent to see who I believed my counselor but instead saw a different one due to mine being out with the flu. He informed me there would in fact be no visit, he was denying it. In the morning I was once again called to the captain's office, this time prior to breakfast . . . somewhere around four or five a.m., my mother had gone unresponsive. It would be impossible to revive her I was told, her bones too brittle for manual CPR and due to a previous spinal surgery. The jolt from paddles was just as bad a risk. I was forced to murder my mother over the phone from the captain's office at the Oregon State Penitentiary that morning and I wept that night. I never got to say goodbye.

I've never forgave myself, I don't know if I ever can or want to. And I've hated myself ever since. It made me worthless.

When I got out I couldn't let anyone see the truth of it, I couldn't allow anyone to know how little I was worth. So I worked my ass off, I made as much as I could, worked as many hours as I could yet every moment spent was one trying to be what everyone wanted and not what I knew I was. I made it four years before things started to crack and finally shattered.

First, I got hurt at work and spent six months on light duty at about half my pay. To get through that I pushed my physical therapy at 200%. I went three days a week rather than one just to get through it. I was back at work less than six months before I hurt myself again, this time worse and I found myself out of work. So I got a license to drive pilot car, maxed out my credit cards, and spent every cent I had starting my own pilot car business.

At the start things seemed like they would get better again. I was making enough to cover my bills at the time, I was in a great relationship with someone I cared deeply about and had been with for nearly the entire time I'd been out of prison and who even knows everything about me and my background, seemed to care about me as well.

Right when everything seemed to be at its best every aspect of my life fell apart.

The credit card payments doubled overnight and I fell behind, which caused my phone to be inundated with calls from bill collectors from 8:00 a.m. until 9:00 p.m. literally every day of the week. Since I was driving at night at the time this destroyed any ability I had to sleep due to getting calls every hour on the hour. My work injuries still affected me badly so I was taking painkillers to try and sleep. Then when I was working I would drink anywhere between six and twelve energy drinks to stay awake.

I was broke, wasn't sleeping, and driving between 450 and 900 miles a day all while in massive pain. In September I was hit by a drunk driver which in turn doubled

down on the pain and mobility issues I was already dealing with, which led to my being informed I might not be able to drive any longer. Then in November the cracks split and everything crumbled.

The woman I'd been in a relationship with pocket dialed me around 3:00 a.m., and the call lasted 22 minutes. It's the only call from her I wished I'd missed. In the background were noises that sounded like a warehouse, but I already heard her voice, I even still remember what she was asking for a pallet of. After the call ended I sent a text joking about it. That was the last call or text I ever got from her.

To say it was devastating to me would be a huge understatement. She was the only person I didn't have to prove myself to, the person I turned to when things were bad. She helped me get through being hurt when I wanted to give up and she was the one who believed in me when I wanted to start my business. And then she was gone. I didn't know if she was alive or dead, if she was hurt or if I had inadvertently hurt her in some way. She was just gone, and I hadn't been good enough for her to even say goodbye.

My world was falling apart and everyone I tried to talk to just blew me off or told me "figure it out." Only I didn't know how to. It was like everything I'd done was worthless, and that's exactly how I felt. I stopped talking to anyone unless they called me or it was work related, with one exception. For sometime I had been going online when I couldn't sleep and I remember IRC from when I was a teenager because it was where my friends and I would share music in the 90's. On IRC no one judged me or made me feel like I was less, most importantly though, no one expected anything of me. So I started taking to people, really more listening to them. I figured out what they wanted to talk about and made myself a part of the group by telling them what they wanted to hear up to a point. It felt good to finally feel accepted, even if it was by people I would never know and by talking about things that I disliked. Eventually I sort of grew numb to it all, there were subjects I avoided at all costs and I would change my name periodically so people couldn't really ever get to know me well. That way I could just come and go when I was depressed and no one would bother asking me about it, no one could fake care.

How does this pertain to my current situation? I stayed too long. I changed names and even programs but ran into someone who recognized me, someone I hadn't talked to in months. At that time I was just done with life, I didn't care about myself at all and felt like no one else did either. Then "Tom" told me how much he wanted me, how other people didn't measure up, and how he'd be disappointed at anyone but me. It was the perfect emotional storm. So I did what I had spent months giving every reason not to do, I went.

The best answer I have to give when people I know have asked me why I just went and didn't talk to anyone that day is this: I didn't want to be stopped. I'd been asking for

help and no one had listened before, why would that day have been any different? What would have changed?

I killed my mother just as sure to me as if it had been my own two hands. The only person who never made me feel judged or asked anything of me but to be myself left me like a piece of trash thrown on the side of the road. I'd pushed myself as hard as I know how to and instead of being proud of myself all I'd managed to do was be hurt, alone, worthless and wishing I was dead.

None of what I have written absolves me of my actions, that I understand. As well, none of it changes the fact that in no way should I have done a single aspect of what I did at all and nothing ever will. My actions have caused profound pain to not only my friends and family but also to people I will never know simply by being a part of the worked that continues to harm them.

To this day I still ask for and know I need help, I've already spent nearly half of my life in prison and all of my adult life. This is where I grew up and where I leaned, for better or worse one could say, everything I know about interacting with people. It's also the last place I want to call my home for the second half of my life. I'd found a road while I was out, it had a lot of twists, turns and dead ends, and I probably missed more turns than I took. The last unfortunately was a wrong one. The road I've come to understand is simply called life, and much like when I'm piloting a truck on the freeway communication is important, that and a good GPS . . . I just need to watch the map better.

Am I a bad or dangerous person? I sincerely don't belief that I am, but at the moment I have given up the ability to make that choice. I still struggle with the need to feel liked or accepted, it's something I will need to work on every day, I'm sure, and part of that is going to be finding the right help, wherever that help may be. But I do want to even if it will at times be harder than just giving up.

I know that this letter is probably longer than it needs to be, and I've asked my attorney to provide you with a second, typed copy as well since I know my handwriting is at times both small and hard to read. But I've also asked him to provide you with a copy of my handwritten letter as well, I want you to see my own works in my own hand.

I sincerely thank you for taking the time to read this letter.

Sincerely,

Dirk Tichgelaar

Your honor,

I've thought alot about how to write this letter. In preparation I've looked at letters written by others, asked people for advice, and spoken to my attorney regarding format. Some have been helpful, others less than so. All that said, I've simply decided that whats best for me is just to do what I'm best at, pick up a pencil and just start.

First and foremost I want to make it absolutely clear that my actions were mine and mine alone. I take full responsibility for them and their consequences fall squarely on my shoulders and mine alone. No one forced me to type the things I did, nor did someone else drive my truck across state lines. Those actions belong only to me, regardless of result.

What led to those actions is the harder part for me to explain, I tend to be a bit long in the tooth as the saying goes and tend to ramble at times, but I'll do my best.

When I was released from custody by the State of Oregon in February of 2016 I really had no clue about what to do. I was given a psych interview on my day of release and recommended to Lifeworks OR for treatment. After starting I found out I had been diagnosed with recurring severe depression disorder, adjustment disorder, anxiety disorder and PTSD. I never thought of these as excuses, more as obstacles to overcome and simply move on from. I was raised to just keep going forward if there was no bone sticking out, and metaphorically speaking, there was no bone. I saw Laura at Lifeworks for about a year before my subsidy ran out and I had to stop. The year I did spend seeing her was both difficult in the extreme as well as beneficial. When I started seeing Laura, it was either weekly or bi-weekly. I'm not sure which at this point, I was living in a halfway house which was walking distance from her office which allowed me to, for the most part, avoid crowded buses. Crowds of people, both large and small, have always set off my anxiety and set me on edge which in turn makes going out in public a challenge for me. Shopping isn't fun. Laura helped get me to the point I was comfortable riding public transit and not having to get off at every stop, though when I moved from the halfway house and to another residence that required a much longer bus ride that was put to the test and quite a few times I chose to walk the roughly 80 blocks to see her instead, weather permitting. This trend continued when I was able to find work.

I bought a car as soon as I was able.

My mindset was that I had 20 years to do what the rest of the world had 40 to do. I worked every extra hour I could at the call center I worked at, taught myself to program using the Unreal 4 engine using YouTube videos, learned to do my own maintance on my car, and eventually found a second job as well. I only slept about



3-4 hours a night, I simply didn't have time to do it more, I was so far behind, that now I had to prove to everyone that I was worth something. That they hadn't made some large mistake in giving me a chance, so everything was 200%. I'd have time for me in 20 years, I had to much making up to do.

During this time I was also attending offender treatment with a company called I.C.E. located in Portland. My first therapist there, Steve, was an alright guy and we got along, and the sessions did help a bit. He gave me a good base to try to find better coping skills, but we never really broke through on much. He retired during the time I was at I.C.E.

Steve was replaced by a woman named Casey Van Houghton. Casey's background was trauma based therapy and I believe that she has done more for me than anyone alive, I also feel as though I have greatly disappointed her by having come back to prison. Through Casey I started opening up to people and trying to be at least slightly social and less withdrawn, she even gave me the confidence to form a relationship. Casey helped me to see that when I closed out the world I wasn't, what I was really doing was shutting out a part of myself. She made me realize exactly how low and broken my self-esteem really is, and what I need to work on.

No matter how much money I make, how many people tell me I'm doing good, or how proud of me they are it's never enough. It never will be. It never will because there isn't ever enough to fill the void of depression and self loathing that I can't escape from. Have you ever done something in your life that you can never, no matter what anyone tells you, forgive yourself for? Something that makes you wish you were as dead to the world as you feel you deserve to be or just simply wish you'd never been born so as not to have done. I have. In 2005 while I was incarcerated at EOCI in Oregon my mother's health had taken a turn for the worse. This was coming on the heels of the deaths of my grandfather, aunt, and father in 2004. After much effort I was given a hardship transfer from EOCI to OSP in Salem Oregon, less than an hour from home rather than 4 or more. At OSP my counselor was a man named Kelly Lawrence and after talking to myself and my family at length agreed us that should anything happen with my mother's health I would be given a bedside visit to see her. Because of this reason, and only that reason she lifted her DNR order.

Because of my current situation, of my own making, I have had to discuss this matter beyond the limits of what I ever thought I would. And I never could have imagined the pain it causes me to write it down, please forgive any lack of detail you may perceive in my words.

I was woken up by correctional staff, I think, a told that I was being called



to the operations captain's office. This meant one of only two things, either I was deeply in trouble or something had happened. Since I knew I hadn't done anything, I remember just asking who it was. I never thought I was my mother, I had just spoken to her less than a day prior and everything had been fine. They had oxygen being pumped into her in every way that they could in an attempt to keep her alive while they setup the bedside visit we'd been told would happen no matter what. She couldn't even talk as I tried to tell her I loved her. The next day I was sent to see, who I believed, my counselor but instead saw a different one due to mine being out with the flu. He informed me there would in fact be no visit, he was changing it. In the morning I was once again called to the captain's office, this time prior to breakfast... somewhere around four or five a.m., my mother had gone unresponsive. It would be impossible to revive her I was told, her bones too brittle for manual CPR and due to a previous spinal surgery the jolt from paddles was just as bad a risk. I was forced to murder my mother over the phone from the captain's office at the Oregon State Penitentiary that morning, and I wept that night. I never got to say goodbye.

I've never forgive myself, I don't know if I ever care or want to. And I've hated myself ever since. It made me worthless.

When I got out I couldn't let anyone see the truth of it, I couldn't allow anyone to know how little I was worth. So I worked my ass off, I made as much as I could, worked as many hours as I could get. Every moment spent was one trying to be what everyone wanted and not what I knew I was. I made it four years before things started to crack and finally shatter.

First I got hurt at work and spent six months on light duty at about half my pay. To get through that I pushed my physical therapy at 200%. I went three days a week rather than one just to get through it. I was back at work less than six months before I hurt myself again, this time worse and I found myself out of work. So I got a license to drive pilot car, maxed out my credit cards, and spent every cent I had starting my own pilot car business.

At the start things seemed like they would get better again. I was making enough to cover my bills at the time, I was in a great relationship with someone I cared deeply about and had been with for nearly the entire time I'd been out of prison and who even knowing everything about me and my background seemed to care about me as well.

Right when everything seemed to be at it's best every aspect of my life fell apart.

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phone to inundated with calls from bill collectors from 8 a.m. until 9 p.m. literally every day of the week. Since I was driving at night at the time this destroyed any ability I had to sleep due to getting calls every hour or the hour. My work injuries still affected me badly so I was taking pain killers to try and sleep, then when I was working I would drink anywhere between six and twelve energy drinks to stay awake.

I was broke, wasn't sleeping, and driving between 450 and 900 miles a day all while in massive pain. In September I was hit by a drunk driver which in turn doubled down on the pain and mobility issues I was already dealing with, which led to my being informed I might not be able to drive any longer. Then in November the cracks split and everything crumbled.

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To say it was devastating to me would be a huge understatement. She was the only person I didn't have to prove myself to, the person I turned to when things were bad. She helped me get through being hurt when I wanted to give up and she was the one who believed in me when I wanted to start my business. And then she was gone. I didn't know if she was alive or dead, if she was hurt or if I had inadvertently hurt her in some way. She was just gone, and I hadn't been good enough for her to even say goodbye.

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and no one would bother asking me about it, no one could fake care.

How does this pertain to my current situation? I stayed too long. I changed names and even programs but ran into someone who recognized me, someone I hadn't talked to in months. At that time I was just done with life, I didn't care about myself at all and felt like no one else did either. Then 'Tom' told me how much he wanted me, how other people didn't measure up, and how he'd be disappointed at anyone but me. It was the perfect emotional storm, so I did what I had spent months giving every reason not to do, I went.

The best answer I have to give when people I know have asked me why I just went and didn't talk to anyone that day is this: I didn't want to be stopped. I'd been asking for help and no one had listened before, why would that day have been any different? What would have changed?

I killed my mother just as sure to me as if it had been with my own two hands. The only person who never made me feel judged or asked anything of me but to be myself left me like a piece of trash thrown on the side of the road. I'd pushed myself as hard as I knew how to and instead of being proud of myself all I'd managed to do was be hurt, alone, worthless and wishing I was dead.

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To this day I still ask for and know I need help, I've already spent nearly half of my life in prison and all of my adult life. This is where I grew up and where I learned, for better or worse one could say, everything I know about interacting with people. It's also the last place I want to call my home for the second half of my life. I'd found a road while I was out, it had alot of twists, turns and dead ends, and I probably missed more turns than I took. The last unfortunately was a wrong one. The road I've come to understand is simply called life, and much like when I'm piloting a truck on the freeway communication is important, that and a good GPS... I just need to watch the map better.

Am I a bad or dangerous person? I sincerely don't believe that I am, but at the moment I have given up the ability to make that choice. I still struggle with the need to feel liked or accepted, it's something I will need to work on everyday I'm sure, and part of that is going to be finding the right help, wherever that help may be. But I do want it even if it will at times be harder than just giving up.

I know that this letter is probably longer than it needs to be, and I've asked my attorney to provide you with a second, typed, copy as well since I know my hand writing is at times both small and hard to read. But I've also asked him to provide you with a copy of my hand written letter as well, I want you to see my own words in my own hand.

I sincerely thank you for taking the time to read this letter.

Sincerely,  
Dird Lichgelam

# EXHIBIT 3



March 31, 2022

Dear Judge Lasnick

I met Dirk Tichgebar in the spring of 2016 while serving as personnel manager for Sudent, Inc., Portland Oregon office. Dirk came seeking employment, applied, interviewed, and was hired as a fundraiser for non-profits (by telephone calls, and U.S. mail).

As the shift supervisor I worked with Dirk on a regular schedule until he left for other employment in the Spring of 2018. Dirk became a leader while at our office as a productive, focused salesperson. Dirk was able to communicate with me when something was bothering him, whether at the office or outside of work. I appreciated this about him, and witnessed him follow my directions and encouragement. During his employment Dirk was friendly and generally very positive. I remember Dirk being helpful and supportive toward fellow employees, especially the new hires. I was "sorry to see him go"... and now in want of this support letter.

Thinking back, I believe I met a man with a "good heart" when I met Dirk. I wish to express my opinion that Dirk would benefit from a contemplative attitude that respects the Mystery of our lives. The mystery of the Creator and all that is created; And like me and many, develop a heart of love... for God, self, and others.

Thank you for your time and service. Sincerely,

Gregory S. Belzer

Dear Judge Lasnik,

I am writing to you in relation to the sentencing for Dirk Tichgelaar. Although I know that there is no excuse for the actions he has committed, I felt that I should share some formative experiences from his past that put him on this path, and ask that you would consider assigning Dirk to receive appropriate counseling and therapy to treat these unresolved traumas.

When Dirk was a young child he was physically, and I suspect sexually, abused by his father. This continued for many years until Dirk was a young adult and only stopped when Dirk was strong enough to fight back against his father, and he became abusive of his father in turn. He was taught that inflicting abuse was the only way of escaping abuse. I don't know much more about his childhood, only that he still carries pain and distrust from those events. I believe that this early and sustained childhood and young adult trauma has arrested Dirk's physiological and emotional development, which have in turn contributed to the actions for which he has been convicted.

In your sentencing, please include appropriate counseling and therapy for the physical and sexual abuse Dirk suffered as a child, which he has never recovered from, and which has contributed to his poor behavior. I sincerely hope and believe that with proper treatment and recovery that Dirk will be able to overcome this long standing trauma and pursue a life that is law-abiding, honest, and constructive.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

-Christian Cowles



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Jason Edward Moore

9<sup>th</sup>, January 2022.

R.E. Mr. Dirk Tichgelaar.

To The Honorable Judge Robert S. Lasnik.

Dear Judge Lasnik,

I, Jason Edward Moore, wish to submit a support letter for Mr. Dirk Tichgelaar. I met Dirk in 2017 at my place of employment and almost immediately became friends. He is upbeat, friendly, funny, caring, and very helpful. He is a delight to be around because of his jolly nature. He's the type who'd give the shirt off his back to help a friend, and has a manner of speaking. He was a great co-worker and liked by all. I never heard

-2-

anyone say they didn't like him.

Aside from Dirk's friendly nature he was very good at his job. He greatly helped contribute to the success of his co-workers by often being the top sales person. Dirk was very helpful to help the rest of us boost our sales by sharing his suggestions.

When Dirk left Judent Inc. for another opportunity he was greatly missed by all of us. Many of us, including myself stayed in touch.

Dirk is a great person all around, well liked by others, devoted, and responsible. I'm sure he is remorseful and regrets what he has done. I'm also sure with some kind and professional help, combined with his responsible and devoted nature, he is desirous to learn to change and not offend again.



- 3 -

Yours Respectfully,  
Jason Edward Moore  
JASON EDWARD MOORE.

To whom it may concern,

Dirk Tichgelaar began working for Judent Inc. 6/03/16 and worked thru 05/29/18 . I am the office manager and have worked with the company for over 30 years. I have worked as an independent contractor and had my own company until 5 years ago and currently work as the executive office manager. In my years of hiring and firing, I believe I am a good judge of character. I didn't know Dirk very well when he was hired on. But as time passed, I grew to know him and consider him a friend. I knew he had a troubled past, but we all have in one way or another.

Dirk was the perfect employee. He excelled at his job and with my OCD, his paperwork was impeccable . I remember a particular meeting, I announced that Dirk was my golden child because he was the only employee that did everything perfect.

Dirk confided in me many times. About his personal life mostly. He really wanted to be socially correct. In prison, time stands still. Your soul does not grow. He was very self conscious if his behavior was appropriate. He worried about that a lot. We had many talks..

He worked a few years for us, made a lot of friends along the way. He was the guy who helped the newbies with their job. Very well liked . When he wanted to move forward with new endeavors, we were upset but understood he needed to expand. He missed a lot of living. He stayed in contact for a long time. I tried to call him many times hoping he would come back to work as the business has suffered with the pandemic.

I'm sad to hear he is in a bad predicament. I hope you will show some leniency as I know the person behind the crimes. He really is a good man, not perfect but willing to learn from his mistakes. He's a kind soul who may not always know the appropriate behavior but will do what it takes to learn and grow to become a better man. He is always welcome here.

Please let me know if you have any questions or need additional a Information.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter.

Sincerely,

Georgia Negus, 503-887-1102

Jeannette Saia



Dear Judge Lasnik,

I've known Dirk Tichgelaar since September 2019. I am a pilot car broker/  
subcontractor. Dirk covered loads for me for several months. He never turned  
down a job. He was reliable, hardworking, always asking for work to keep himself  
busy.

We stay in contact with each other and he is always telling me he can't wait to get  
out and come back to work with me.

Sincerely, Jeannette Saia

A handwritten signature in brown ink, appearing to be 'Jh' followed by a long horizontal stroke.

Dear Judge Lasnik,

My name is Ryan Westendorf and I currently live in Troy, Ohio. Although I have only known Dirk Tichgelaar for a little more than a year, his genuine compassion and interest in me and my family have helped me keep a positive attitude during some troubling times that I am going through right now. My introduction to Dirk was mainly by chance, but also perhaps a bit of fate. My boyfriend, William, was assigned to FDC Seatac last spring, and his first and only cellmate was Dirk. Having never been incarcerated for a sizable amount of time, especially in a federal facility, Dirk became a friendly face to William within the foreboding walls of the detention center. I had lost track of where William was and was a nervous wreck since it had been at least two months since I had been able to talk to him. Dirk wrote me a letter from prison the same week that I was finally able to talk to William. His letter reassured me that William was doing okay, and it even made me smile as he had a way of reassuring me that William was going to be okay and that he was taking care of him.

When William transferred out of FDC Seatac, Dirk was the first to let me know that he had left, and he tried to guide me on what the process may be like as William was on his way back "home" to Ohio. Over the following weeks and months, Dirk continued to check-in to see if I had heard from William and to see how both he and I were doing. During these calls, we have formed a good friendship and he has given me advice on how to cope with having someone I love in the correctional system. I know that Dirk could have just as easily called me once to check-in, and then stopped caring, but he continues – to this day – to check in with me to see how I'm doing. This sense of caring, I feel, speaks true to who Dirk is at his core.

We have never spoken at length about Dirk's criminal history, which has been mostly at my hand. The Dirk that I know, from his interactions with William, to how I hear him talk about taking care of other inmates in his pod, is the Dirk of today. That's the Dirk that I enjoy communicating with and am ever grateful for having crossed paths with. I believe that if William and I had not met Dirk, both of our emotional and mental states would be much worse than they are.

I'm not exactly sure how to end a letter like this, but I just wanted to thank you for your time in reading it, and I hope it gives you a bit of a glimpse into the sort of caring heart that Dirk has hidden down somewhere that can positively affect those around him if given the chance.

Respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Ryan Westendorf', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Ryan Westendorf